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## A TRIPLE ACROSTIC,

WRITTEN IN HONOR OF

OLE BULL,

*The great Norwegian Violinist, by Arthur Mathison.*

To thee, O, mighty, marv'lous Norseman ! whose proud cipher, V,  
 On thy ancestral scutcheon O, heart Victor, shines ; do I,  
 O, minstrel, weird, enchanting, Raise my song. The Muse I woO,  
 Loud thy high praise to utter. Worthy the theme my verse doth fill.  
 Earth numbers thee 'mid her Elect, Apollo's first alumnI !  
 Broad, pure, and sympathetic, Grandly thy magic bow is drawN,  
 Uplifting, darting, sparkling,—Imp-like and thrilling, until I,  
 Like all, am dazZled, and then Awed, by that sad "Prayer," to tears!  
 Long may'st thou live, great Norway's son, O, wondrous violinisT!

(From *La France Musicale*.)

## THEATRE DES FANTAISIES PARISIENNES.

The Fantaisies Parisiennes seems now destined to reap the fruit of the ordeals it has gone through. From the moment this little lyrical establishment was opened we predicted that it would prove successful, though only on the express condition of not following the example set by all *genre* theatres, and of offering a last refuge for musical art and for French composers.

The management had its moments of hesitation and struggles, but the Fantaisies has entered on the right path, and success will now surely recompense the praiseworthy efforts they made to attain it.

After having been closed a fortnight or so, the theatre has been reopened, and the public summoned to applaud the new entertainments announced in the bills. It seemed as though some kind fairy had changed the whole aspect of the house by a touch of her wand. Where there was formerly only a long row of seats without any gallery, ranged against a long wall hung with crimson paper, there is now a first story with a double tier of galleries, stage-boxes, and convenient corridors, the whole forming a regular little theatre, admirably arranged and fitted up. It would appear, moreover, that the manager has had the excellent idea of making a notable diminution in the prices of admission, so as to attract all those classes, and all those numerous families, who are precluded by the higher prices from ever entering a theatre.

These are two decided and salutary ameliorations for which we can but praise M. Martinet. We have now to give an account of the works played on Monday, the 3d instant, for the first time. The opening piece was the *Farfadet* of M. Adolphe Adam, but the great attraction of the evening was *La Croisade des Dames*, and a posthumous opera by that Franz Schubert, whom we in France call the author of the "*Forty-Melodies*," though he wrote more than five hundred, but as all we know of his is an album bearing the said number, forty, we are somewhat excusable.

Besides several grand symphonic compositions of high merit, including six masses, of which two, those in F and G, are very celebrated; a grand eight-part hymn for male voices; two *Stabats*; eight symphonies; choral works and chamber-music; Franz Schubert wrote a large number of operas, (*fifteen*, M. Felix Clément says, in his excellent work, *Les Musiciens Célèbres*.)

He produced only one, *La Harpe enchantée*, (August 21st, 1820.) *Rosemonde*, brought out on the 20th December, 1823, was, properly speaking, nothing more than a melo-

drama, as was also *Fier-à-Bras*, a heroic romantic opera, considered Schubert's dramatic masterpiece, though it has never been put upon the stage.

*La Croisade des Dames*, played at Frankfurt, in September, 1861, under the name of *Les Conjurés, ou la Guerre Domestique*, is, in every respect, a remarkable piece. M. Wilder, an erudite musician, in addition to being an intelligent librettist, has written a fresh libretto to Schubert's score. This was an arduous task, to be undertaken by a man possessing great natural talent. M. Wilder has performed it with much tact, skill and judgment. The following is an outline of the story that serves as a basis for Schubert's music.

We are in the time of the Crusades, and the action passes in a feudal castle. At the rising of the curtain, the ladies are alone in the place, for their husbands have left two years previous to go and wage war in the Holy Land. Their approaching return is announced, but, as it would appear that this return is to be followed by a fresh absence, the wives, indignant at their husbands' love for stabbing and slashing so far off, rise in open revolt, and swear they will not grant a single caress, or any other mark of their favor, till their lords have renounced the notion of again setting out on their travels. The Squire, Hector, who has preceded his lord, the master of the castle, has been a witness of the conspiracy. He determines on frustrating it, and soon finds an auxiliary in Suzanne, his betrothed. The reader will guess the rest. The women acknowledge that they are conquered, and, to prove their submission, don the coat of mail and gird on the sword, because they believe that by so doing they shall best meet the wishes of their husbands. This termination, which is a very happy idea, affords an opportunity for exhibiting some pretty mediæval Amazonian costumes and some evolutions performed by warriors in petticoats, displays generally popular with the occupants of the stage-boxes.

Schubert's score is very fine, especially as regards the choruses. The concerted pieces are numerous, and always admirably written. They sometimes contain six and eight *parties réelles*. The music is full and sonorous, and we recognize in it the skilful pen of the master who presented the *Liedertafeln* of Vienna with the finest choruses in their repertory. The chorus for the entry of the husbands, "Guerriers et Chevaliers, rentrons dans nos foyers," is simply magnificent in its accent and virile energy. The introductory chorus for the women, also, is extremely fine. But one piece of more than ordinary musical beauty, a piece we shall soon see in the bills of the Popular Concerts, or in those of the Conservatory, is the grand final chorus,

where the phrase of the upper parts—"Seigneur, dans ces domaines," inverted for the men's voices, produces one of the most splendid concerted effects we ever heard.

We must pause a moment to express our admiration, mingled, we must own, with a slight degree of astonishment, at the masterly manner in which the choruses were executed. The chorus singers at the *Fantaisies* constitute a body quite out of the common; the ladies are pretty; both they and the men have voices, sing correctly, and are almost comedians. M. Martinet must possess some talisman to have effected such a result. At any rate the execution of the choral music in *La Croisade des Femmes* is remarkable in the highest degree, and many leading theatres could not compete, in this respect, with the humble Theatre des Fantaisies.

The vocal solos are less striking than the concerted music. However, the audience applauded very warmly the duet, "C'est toi," between M. Laurent, and Mdle. Vois, and two *Lieder*, one sung by Mdle. Arnaud, and the other by M. Gernier. Mad. Decroix was exceedingly good as the Baroness Cunégonde.

The scenery, dresses and decorations are more than satisfactory; they are almost splendid. Many managers with higher pretensions are less prodigal, but M. Martinet cannot fail to reap the reward of the care bestowed on the piece. The orchestra, conducted by M. Constantin, continues more and more to deserve its high reputation.

## "TWO READINGS TO A LETTER."

A FANCY SKETCH.

*Time—a century ago. Enter Lord Frederick Beauchamp, holding a letter.*

LORD B. — The adorable creature, how quickly has she responded! How her tender little heart must have fluttered in its delicate prison as she penned this delicious acceptance! The very paper has an affirmative fold about it. The seal is blushing red with the consciousness of the delightful intelligence it contains: there is a happy flourish in the direction, the t's are so ecstatically crossed, and the i's are so deliriously dotted, that no ungracious negative could lurk beneath. Welcome, a thousand times welcome, delectable missive! (*Reads direction:*) *To the Lord Frederick Beauchamp, &c., &c., Spring Gardens—with all speed—These!*

These!—how cold, tame, unimpassioned and meaningless! These! Rather this cup of nectar, this essence of sunbeams, this elixir vitæ, this jar of honey from Mount Hybla, this balm from Olympus, this golden-tipp'd shaft from the quiver of Love! this quintessence of —how?—re-ject-ed! Cupid forefend. (*Reads:*)

"The Lady Blanche Mowbray, though deeply sensible of the flattering compliment conveyed by Lord Beauchamp's letter of yester e'en, regrets she cannot reciprocate the sentiments therein contained, inasmuch as, though she values the Lord Beauchamp highly as a friend, a more tender relationship between herself and that gentleman is —she feels pain in writing the words—is impossible! She offers to Lord Beauchamp the assurances of her most friendly regard.—15th March."

Assurances of gall, wormwood, and Dead Sea apples! Oh, Woman! oh, Fickleness! oh, Coquetry! oh blandishments, and oh dissimulation! Why, what a villainous, de-